With one lover she stole from the other, and evaded punishment because that lover who stole was under age and she herself couldn't be held responsible because she was crazy (like a fox). Samantha did her best to use the cops as a private escort service to her "spa," the relatively luxurious St. Onan's, where she eloped whenever she was broke and "feeling suicidal." She overdid it when, to get them to pick her up at Emile Durkheim House, she claimed to be a murderer, the object of a grim and intensive man-hunt. I don't know what they said to her. I'm sure it wasn't amicable.

After the presentation, Adam, Gabriel and I went outside with some of the other tenants. Adam smoked a Lucky Strike. He dispensed house cigarettes to the others, Sam's objections notwithstanding. The lasagna was greasy. Frederick (not Fred) complained. Now his stomach was as sore as his bum. Caspar would have told him his bum at least got sore from letting too many men stick their dicks up it. Adam told him to work it off. March up and down on the spot. He showed him how.

MODEL*

Joe let me rub his back. He'd called me on my cell-phone around 10 A.M., after I'd done the midnight shift. I asked him to come by around noon. He did. I think my sleep deprivation had lowered my inhibitions, because this time I